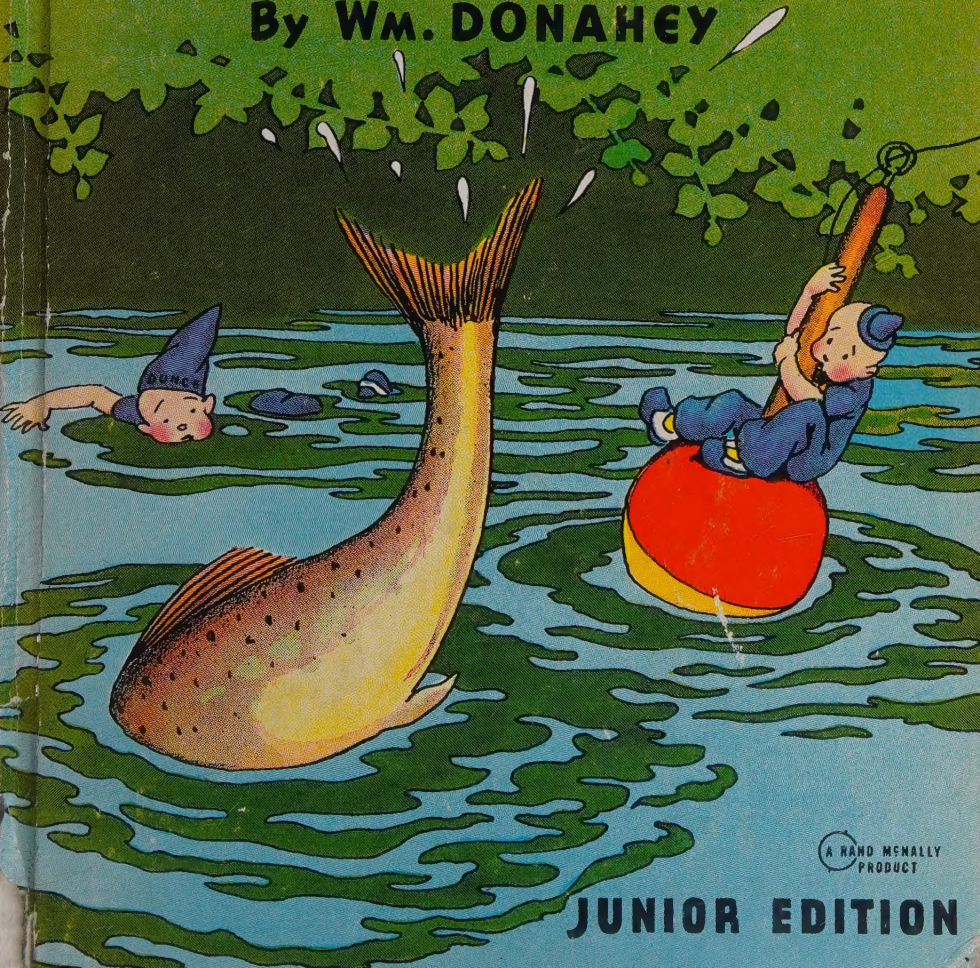


DOWN THE RIVER WITH THE TEENIE WEENIES

By WM. DONAHEY



A RAND McNALLY
PRODUCT

JUNIOR EDITION



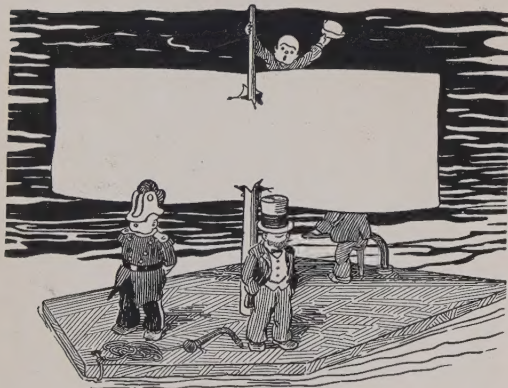
Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2024

https://archive.org/details/bwb_P9-DBH-339

Down the River with the TEENIE WEENIES

JUNIOR EDITION

Written and illustrated by
William Donahey



RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
CHICAGO

From *Down the River with the Teenie Weenies*, copyright MCMXXI by The Reilly & Lee Co.

All rights reserved. Made in U. S. A. Edition of MCMXXI

*Published by special arrangement with The Reilly &
Lee Co., Chicago, publishers of the complete edition*



THE SHIPWRECK

IT WAS a warm, pleasant day. Not a leaf stirred on the old rosebush under which the Teenie Weenie village stood. The General, the Old Soldier, and the Doctor sat on the tiny porch of the old shoehouse, fanning themselves with clover leaves. A number of the little folks lay on the soft moss and listened to the humming of the bees that buzzed about the big yellow roses.

"Say, Dunce," yawned the Sailor, who lay flat on his teenie weenie back under the shade of a big mushroom, "let's go down to the creek and take a canoe ride."

"Not me!" answered the Dunce. "I just ate a big slice of cherry, and I'm too full to move."

"All right; don't disturb yourself," the Sailor growled, and getting up he moved off toward the

old teapot where the Chinaman lived and laundered the Teenie Weenie clothes.

A tiny line of smoke curled up through the spout of the teapot which served as a chimney, and through the open doorway the Sailor could hear the Chinaman singing a quaint Chinese song as he went about his work.

"Hey, Chuck!" shouted the Sailor. "Want to take a ride in my canoe?"

"Allee wight," answered the Chinaman. "Me muchie hot, me likie take ride and get cooled off. Me be ready in just a minute, soon as me iron the Doctor's shirt." And he fairly made his tiny iron fly over the little shirt.

When the work was done, the two Teenie Weenies made their way to the creek where the Sailor's pea-pod canoe was hidden beneath a mullein leaf. Pulling the boat to the water, the little fellows paddled off downstream under the cool shade of the tall grass.

"Look!" exclaimed the Sailor, pointing down the creek. "There's a boat."

Paddling with all their might, they soon ran alongside the boat, which was held fast by an old

tree that had fallen into the water. Climbing over the side, the two Teenie Weenies carefully examined the boat from top to bottom and found it in good condition except for the roof of the cabin, which was badly damaged.

"Look here," said the Sailor, kicking a wooden horse that lay on the floor of the cabin, "this has been some child's Noah's ark."

"Allee same me no savvy about Noahie's ark. Him the man that owns the boat?"

"No," laughed the Sailor. "Noah is the fellow in the Bible that built a ship and then took aboard a whole lot of animals and his family, and when the rain came and flooded the earth they floated around until the flood went away."

The Sailor and the Chinaman hurried over to the shoehouse with their news, and all the Teenie Weenies ran as fast as their short legs could carry them to the boat. Even Mrs. Lover went along with the twins and ran so fast she almost bounced the little fellows out of their tiny cab. Those who had canoes rowed over to the boat, and Gogo, the little colored Teenie Weenie, and the Dunce paddled across on a stick.

"General," said the Turk, "the Sailor and I think that with some work we could put an engine in this boat and fix her up so she would run in great shape."

"I believe we could," answered the General. "But the boat isn't ours. It must belong to some child who let it float away down the creek, and very likely the child will come wading down looking for it."

"Maybe the child that owns the boat doesn't want it any more," suggested the Dunce.

"Well, we'll wait and see," said the General.

Early next morning the General ordered the Teenie Weenies to tie up the ark. "If it should happen to rain, I'm afraid it might be washed away and wrecked," he said.

A mouse was hitched up to one of the army wagons, and a spool of heavy thread, pulleys, and a windlass were loaded into it and taken to the creek bank.

The Sailor carried several strong strings out to the boat and with the help of the Turk made the lines fast. The windlass was set up on the sandy bank and one of the lines fixed to it, while several



"I think we could put an engine in this boat," said the Turk

Teenie Weenies held onto the other ropes. The Old Soldier hitched the mouse to one rope. After a great deal of hard work the boat was slowly moved to a sheltered place along the shore, where it was made fast to a bush.

"Now," said the General, "if no one claims the boat within a week, we will fix it up and have a nice long trip on the water."

Every morning some of the Teenie Weenies walked over to the creek to see if the boat was still there. At the end of the week it still remained unclaimed, and to the great joy of the Teenie Weenies the General gave orders for it to be made seaworthy at once.

The ark was very heavy, and it was quite necessary to get it out of the water before the needed repairs could be made.

"The Sailor and I found a place a little farther down the creek that will make a fine site for a dry dock," said the Doctor.

"What's a dry dock?" asked the Dunce.

"A dry dock is a place that a boat can be floated into. Then it is closed up and the water pumped out, letting the boat settle easily to the ground,"

answered the Doctor.

The next day several wagonloads of picks, shovels, and other tools were hauled over to the place where the dry dock was to be built. First, a great hole fourteen inches long, eight inches deep, and nine inches wide had to be dug near the shore. This hole was lined with heavy sticks to keep the sand from falling in, and pieces of wood were braced against the sides to hold the ark upright when the water was pumped out.

It took three weeks of hard work to build the dock. When all was ready the water was let into it, and when it had risen to the height of the creek the boat was pulled in. The end of the dock was banked up, the water pumped out, and the Teenie Weenies began to repair the boat.

Meanwhile tents were set up, and a snug little camp was made beneath the big ferns that lined the bank of the creek, where the little workmen could live very comfortably.



DOWN THE RIVER

AFTER many weeks of hard work the Teenie Weenies finished repairing the boat they had found floating on the creek. The little people removed the roof of the house that stood on the boat's deck and built a flat one in its place so they could enjoy the cool breezes as they sailed along among the lily pads.

The Scotchman and the Turk built a wonderful little engine which, though it moved the boat at a fair speed, ate up a great deal of fuel. On the first trial trip of half a mile up the creek the greedy little furnace ate up twelve matches and half a lead pencil.

"I say, Turkey," said the Scotchman who had fired the boiler, "it certainly does take a lot of wood to get up steam in this engine."

“Well, what in the name of wild-cherry seeds do you expect?” answered the Turk. “The boiler is made out of a salve box. If we had a bakin’-powder can for a boiler, we might get some speed, but you can’t get much steam up in a salve box.”

“Well, I’m glad we haven’t a baking-powder can for a boiler, for then I suppose I’d be stuffin’ a whole clothespin into the fire about every fifty feet,” laughed the Scotchman.

A canvas top was put over the top deck, pea-pod canoes were fixed to the side of the boat, and a large raft was made out of the cork of a pickle jar. When a coat of paint had been put onto the boat, it was indeed a pretty sight.

A dock was built down the creek as near as possible to the Teenie Weenie shoehouse, and the little folks began at once to load the boat for their trip. Many loads of food, pans, furniture, and other necessary things had to be hauled over in one of the army wagons. The Lady of Fashion took so many clothes along that she had to hire three small boys to help her carry her hatboxes and suitcases.

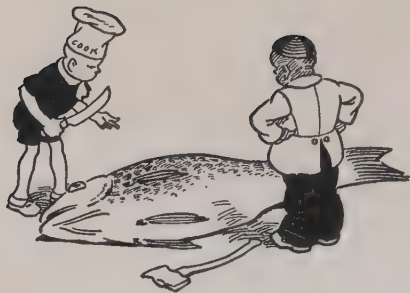
When the last bean had been carried aboard and the last box had been thrown onto the tiny deck,

the General gave the signal, the boat cast off, and the Sailor steered out into the creek amid the loud cheers of the excited Teenie Weenies.

Grandpa, Mr. and Mrs. Lover, and the twins were the only ones to stay at home. The twins had the measles, and the Lover bungalow was in quarantine. Besides, Mrs. Lover was afraid to ride on the water. Grandpa was left in charge of the shoehouse.

As the little boat steamed bravely down the stream, Grandpa and Mr. Lover waved their hands until the boat disappeared around a bend in the creek.

The Teenie Weenie boat chugged along beneath the overhanging ferns and in a short time came to the place where the creek emptied into the big river. The river water ran much faster than the quiet creek, and most of the little folks held their breath as the tiny boat floated out into the deep water and boldly steamed down the river.



A BIG FISH

ALTHOUGH the Teenie Weenies were quite crowded in their little houseboat, they fully enjoyed themselves as they steamed along. As the boat chugged down the river, under the cool shade of the overhanging bushes, the little folks sang songs, played games, and shouted at the sleepy frogs that sat along the mossy bank, blinking stupidly at the tiny craft.

When evening came, the General ordered the Sailor to steer under a big bush, where the boat was safely anchored for the night.

"Say! Jimminy fishhooks!" exploded the Dunce the next morning as he and Gogo climbed onto the boat after a morning walk.

"What's the matter, Dunce?" asked the Doctor, popping his head out of a porthole.

“We just saw a big fish jump out of the water, and I bet it was fifteen feet long!”

“Are you sure that it was as long as that?” asked the General, shaking his finger at the Dunce.

“Well, it was fifteen Teenie Weenie feet long, anyhow,” said the Dunce.

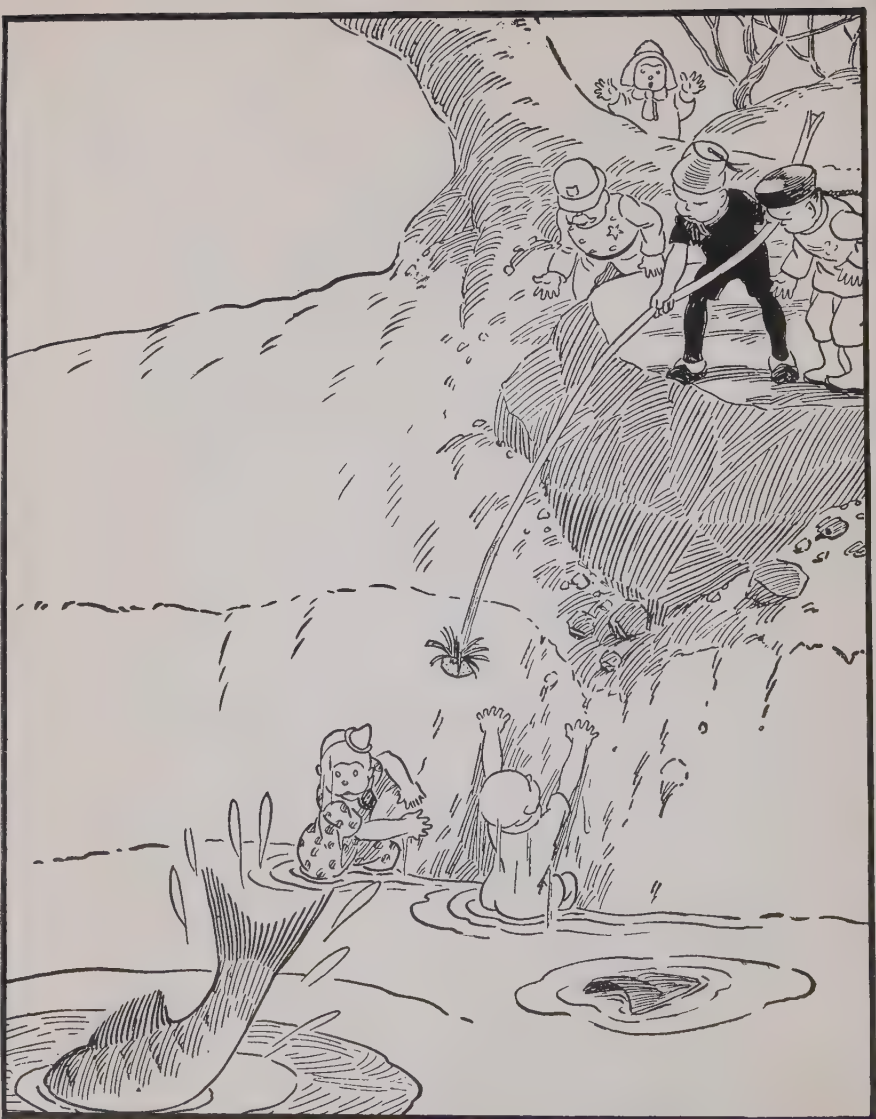
The little people were much excited and decided to go fishing. With the help of a friendly bird they quickly found a couple of worms and set off at once for a good place to fish. At last they found an old board that lay on the shore and extended out over the deep water.

“Just the place!” shouted the Sailor and, baiting the hook, he dropped it into the water.

“I don’t think there’s any fish in this stream,” said the Clown, after they had waited patiently for some time.

“Sh!” whispered the Doctor, “you’ll scare the fish away by talking.”

Just at that moment the line was jerked so violently that the Dunce and the Clown, who stood near the edge of the board, were pulled off and fell into the water with a great splash. The two Teenie Weenies swam to the bank, where they held on



The Turk pulled the two fishermen up with a dandelion stem

while the Turk secured a long dandelion stem with which he soon pulled the two unlucky fishermen up the steep bank.

"Is it a whale?" asked the frightened Dunce as the Turk pulled him to safety.

"No, him no whale, but him muchie big flish," said the Chinaman, dancing with excitement.

After two and a half hours of very hard work the Teenie Weenies finally landed the fish. He was a big fellow and measured four and a half inches long, or nine Teenie Weenie feet. (One Teenie Weenie foot is half an inch.)

When the fish was cleaned, the Cook cut a steak from out the middle and, stuffing it with delicious dressing, baked it to a turn.

"Jinks!" cried the Dunce as he jammed a piece of fish as big as a blackberry seed into his mouth. "This is the best fish I ever ate."

The Teenie Weenies certainly enjoyed the fish, and everyone ate as much as his or her teenie weenie tummy could hold. In fact, they had fish for a week, and everyone enjoyed it down to the last dish of fish hash.



AN INVITATION

ONE morning the Lady of Fashion walked up to two of the Teenie Weenies and said importantly, "Dunce, have you washed your neck? And, Gogo, you go right down this very minute and put on a collar; the idea of going out to lunch without a collar!"

"Yes'm," meekly answered the colored boy as he stepped into the cabin of the boat.

The Dunce plunged his head into a thimble of water and began scrubbing with all his might. "Oh, Jimminy Christmas," he muttered. "Wish I didn't have no ole neck to wash."

The Teenie Weenies had been invited to lunch by a friendly bird. That very morning he had flown onto the bush under which the tiny houseboat lay at anchor and asked the little people to dine with



The Teenie Weenies spent some time in looking about the place

him. He had heard that the Teenie Weenie boat was close by, and he wished to entertain them at his home while they were near.

"I wonder what we'll have to eat," said the Dunce as the little people made their way toward the tree in which the bird lived.

"Golly!" exclaimed Gogo. "I done wish they have watermelon!"

"Um! Um!—or strawberry shortcake," added the Dunce.

Presently the Teenie Weenies found the tree in which the Birds lived. One by one the little people were carried up to the birdhouse on Mr. Bird's back. He and his wife lived in a wonderful house, and the Teenie Weenies spent some time in looking about the place.

"I'm sorry we have no chairs to offer you," said Mrs. Bird. "You see, we don't use chairs."

"You couldn't sit down on account of your tails, could you?" remarked the Dunce.

"Sh-h," whispered the General.

"It—it would be quite difficult to sit," said Mrs. Bird, blushing deeply. "Now, if you will all go out on the porch and make yourselves comfortable, I'll

serve lunch.”

When the little folks had gathered on the porch, Mr. and Mrs. Bird passed a mustard seed to each of their guests for an appetizer, and then sunflower and poppy seeds were served. To the horror of the little people the next course consisted of young green caterpillars. The Lady of Fashion gave a loud scream when a squirming one was placed before her on a leaf.

“Er—er—you see—ah, that is, we never eat worms,” said the General in some confusion.

“Oh, dear!” exclaimed Mrs. Bird. “But these are such lovely young tender ones.”

A blackberry was served for dessert, and all of the Teenie Weenies ate of that delicious fruit except the Lady of Fashion, whose appetite had suddenly disappeared.

As soon as it was polite to leave, the little people excused themselves and hurried back to their boat, where they quickly devoured two whole baked beans the Cook had prepared.

“You can just bet your life,” cried the Dunce as he cut a slice of bean, “next time I dine with a bird I’m goin’ to eat before I go!”



AN ACCIDENT

ONE morning, shortly after the visit to the Birds, the General shouted, "All hands on deck!" When the little sailors gathered at their stations, the order was given to cast off. The Teenie Weenie Sailor signaled the engine room, and the Scotchman started the machinery. Slowly the houseboat started off.

"Now where are we going?" asked the curious Dunce.

"Oh, nowhere in particular," answered the General. "We'll anchor at the first pleasant-looking place we come to."

For an hour or more the boat steamed down the stream, passing under flowers which grew along the bank and dodging the cattails.

As the Sailor skillfully steered the tiny craft



Presently the Sailor gave the signal to be lifted up

between a huge stone and the shore, the boat suddenly came to a stop with such a great bang that many of the Teenie Weenies were thrown off their balance and tumbled upon the decks like so many peas. The Dunce nearly went overboard, but Gogo grabbed his leg.

"Shall I launch the life raft?" cried the Turk.

"No," answered the General, "I don't think there is any danger. We're just aground."

The Sailor signaled the Scotchman to reverse the engine, but, although the little engineer put on every ounce of steam, the boat refused to move.

"Well, sir," said the Sailor, "I think I'd better get into my diving suit and go down."

"I think that's a good plan," nodded the General, and he ordered the air pump brought up.

While the Sailor was getting into his diving suit, most of the little people rowed ashore in the peapod canoes to visit with two curious young chickens at the water's edge.

"What's the matter?" asked one of the chicks.

"We're stuck on the bottom of the creek," answered the Old Soldier.

"I'll go and get my mother to come down and

pull your boat off," said the chicken. "She is as strong as a rooster, and she can pull that boat off without half trying," and the two chickens ran to bring the mother hen.

The Sailor meanwhile, taking a big knife in his hand to protect himself from the crawfish, climbed over the side of the boat and disappeared. Presently he gave the signal to be pulled up, and when the helmet was lifted from his head, he told the General that the boat was stuck between two stones and that it could be pulled off without any injury to the ship.

"Here we are!" shouted one of the chickens, as he appeared at the top of the bank with two old hens and quite a number of small chickens who had followed to see the boat. "My mother is busy laying an egg, but here are two of my aunts, and they will help you."

A rope was made fast to the stern of the boat, and the line was then carried ashore. The two hens caught the rope in their beaks. When the order was given, they quickly pulled the boat free, and the houseboat steamed away.



PAYING A DEBT

GENERAL," said the Cook, as he stepped onto the upper deck of the Teenie Weenie houseboat the next afternoon, "I'm sorry to say I will be unable to make the corn-meal mush you ordered for supper, as there is not a single grain of corn left."

"What!" exclaimed the General. "All gone? Why, I ordered eight grains put aboard the boat only two weeks ago, and now you tell me it's all gone. My goodness, what appetites we have! Well, I'll send the Indian and the Cowboy out to scout up some."

"I know where there is some corn," shouted the Dunce. "It's away up the road where Gogo and I were chasing crickets yesterday. It's a long way off, but there is a whole lot there—a great big ear of it—and it's about seven Teenie Weenie feet high, for



Prying the grain off with picks and crowbars, they filled the bags

I couldn't begin to look over the top of it."

The Lady of Fashion and the rest of the Teenie Weenie ladies made a lot of bags out of an old handkerchief, and early the next morning they all set out in search of the corn.

After a long walk they found the ear of corn beside the road, and, prying the grain off with picks and crowbars, they soon filled the bags and carried them back to the boat.

"General," said the Doctor, as he watched the grains of yellow corn being thrown into the bags, "I think that it would be mighty nice if we carried a few bags of this corn over to those two old hens who helped us pull the boat off the rocks yesterday."

"That's a good idea; we'll do it," cried the General.

When the storeroom in the houseboat had been filled, the Teenie Weenies packed thirty bags of corn, and as each bag held five grains, this made a great pile of one hundred and fifty grains. When the bags were piled neatly on the houseboat deck, the tiny craft turned about and steamed up the river to the place where the old hens lived.

The Cowboy was then sent in search of the

chickens while the rest of the little people brought the bags of corn ashore.

Presently the two hens came clucking down to the stream, where they were royally received by the Teenie Weenies and presented with the bags of corn.

"This is certainly very kind of you," said one of the hens, smiling at the Teenie Weenies. "But why is this corn all bagged up?"

"Why, so you can carry it to your storehouse," answered the Doctor.

"Just take it out of the bags, and we will show you how we carry it to our storehouse," said the hen with a wink at her companion.

The bag strings were cut, and as fast as the sacks were emptied the old hens gobbled up the corn.

"That's the way we store our food," laughed one of the hens, wiping her bill on the ground.

"But don't you ever save—lay up for a rainy day?" asked the General.

"Nope," answered the old hen. "Life's too uncertain. I don't intend to lay up a lot of wealth and die and have someone else use it. I'm goin' to live well while the livin's good!"

“But suppose you should live to be very old and had saved nothing, what would you do then?” asked the General.

“Oh, there’s no danger,” giggled the hen, “for there isn’t one hen in ten thousand that lives beyond the stewing age.”

“How perfectly sad!” exclaimed the Lady of Fashion.

“What’s the use of worrying about something we can’t help?” answered the lighthearted hen. “Just take things as lightly as possible. That’s my motto.”

After the Teenie Weenies had visited with the chickens for some time, the tiny whistle blew a warning, and all the little folks quickly climbed aboard the boat. Amid much waving of hands and flapping of wings the boat pulled out into the stream and steamed on its way down the river.



THE RESCUE

ONE afternoon the Teenie Weenie houseboat steamed into a cozy nook near the shady side of the river and made fast to a lily pad for the night.

"There are falls ahead," said the Sailor as he tightened the anchor lines, "and we don't want to take chances until we have explored some."

The General ordered the pea-pod canoes lowered, and when the little people had all been carried to the shore, they set out to visit the waterfall. Presently they arrived at the falls and, climbing down the steep bank, they stood in silent admiration at the sight. The swift water beat against the sharp rocks and fell in a white foam to the whirling current below.

"J-j-jimminy!" stuttered the Dunce, "how high do you think the falls are?"

"Well," answered the Doctor, "I should say they were fully forty feet from top to bottom." (Forty Teenie Weenie feet would be about twenty inches.)

"Crickety!" exclaimed the Dunce. "Some falls!"

"I should say as much," said the General. "And I want you boys to stay out of the water. If you should get caught in the swift current, you would be carried over the falls and dashed to death on the rocks below." And the General gave the Dunce a look which said very plainly, "This means you."

The Teenie Weenie boat lay at anchor for several days while the little people visited a barnyard near the river and made friends with some of the chickens. The Old Soldier struck up quite a friendship with an old rooster, and the two spent many pleasant hours together, discussing politics and things to eat.

One morning the Lady of Fashion, while walking along the bank of the stream, happened to look toward the falls and was filled with horror at the sight that met her eyes. The Dunce, the Chinaman, and one of the small boys, clinging tightly to a stick of wood, were being rapidly carried in the strong current straight toward the dangerous falls. The

frightened little lady hurried to the boat as fast as she could run for help.

"Quick! Dunce, Chinaman, falls, help!" she screamed and promptly fainted on the sandy bank of the creek.

The Doctor ran to her side while the rest of the little people galloped off toward the falls, where they arrived just in time to see the three Teenie Weenies float to the edge and stop against the stones in a most dangerous place. The Teenie Weenies were filled with horror, for it was quite impossible to swim in the swift water, and the three little fellows were in the greatest danger of being washed over the falls to sure death at any moment.

Fortunately, at that instant the rooster walked down to the creek and, seeing the great danger the three Teenie Weenies were in, he stepped boldly into the stream. Stretching out his long neck, he caught up the Dunce with his beak and lifted the badly scared little chap safely to the shore. The small boy, who was bawling loudly for help, was next taken off, and just as the rooster picked up the Chinaman the stick shot over the falls and disappeared in the foaming water below.

"Well, sir," said the General, glaring at the frightened Dunce, "how did this happen?"

"We-we-we th-th-thought we'd have a ride on-on-on th-th-that s-s-s-stick, and—"

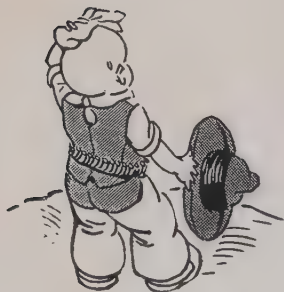
"And you got caught in the current," put in the General. "Now you three fellows go to the boat and get into bed for the rest of the day. I warned you about this; it's a wonder you weren't all drowned."

"Three cheers for Mr. Rooster, the hero!" shouted the Turk, and the Teenie Weenies gave them with a will.

"Enough! Enough!" said the rooster, blushing until the end of his comb turned a deep purple. "One should never be praised for doing one's duty," and, turning about, he walked stiffly away.



The rooster caught up the Dunce with his beak



A CAT IN TROUBLE

LATE one afternoon, as the little houseboat chugged around a bend in the river, the Teenie Weenies saw a town ahead with many big houses along the bank on each side of the stream.

The Teenie Weenies are careful to keep out of the way of big folks, so the General ordered the boat to head for the shore where it was tied up under some overhanging bushes.

"We'll go by the town under cover of darkness," the General told the Sailor, who was steering the boat. "Someone might see us if we tried to go by in the daylight."

After supper the General ordered all lights put out, and when it was quite dark the tiny boat slipped away from the shore and silently floated down with the current. When the little craft had

passed the town, the engine was started and the boat headed for shore, where it tied up for the rest of the night.

Next morning the Turk and the Cowboy set out to visit a big house which stood a little distance from the river. As the little fellows slid under the fence, they heard a peculiar sound. They stopped and listened.

"It's a cat—I can just see his head," said the Turk, who had very good eyesight. "He's crying. Let's go over and see what's the matter."

The two Teenie Weenies made their way slowly through the grass to the edge of the walk which led up to the step on which the cat sat.

"I don't think we had better go any nearer," whispered the Turk. "He looks pretty cross, and besides we've never been introduced."

"I don't care whether we've been introduced or not," said the Cowboy. "That cat is in trouble, and I'm going to see if we can be of any help. I say, Mr. Cat," he yelled at the top of his teenie weenie voice, "what's the trouble?"

"Trouble?" snapped the cat. "Trouble enough! I've had nothing to eat for two days. My folks went

away and they forgot to leave anything for me to eat. Yesterday morning the milkman left this bottle of milk—and I can't get into it! Here I am starving to death, with plenty of food right before my eyes!"

"Cheer up, friend," shouted the Cowboy. "We'll help you to get something to eat."

"Oh, joy, joy, bushels of joy!" cried the cat. And, getting on his hind legs, he danced a jig around the step.

"Wait for us—we'll be back in a jiffy," cried the Cowboy, and he and the Turk hurried off toward the boat.

The Cowboy told the General about the poor cat, and that kindhearted little man ordered the Teenie Weenies to get ropes, buckets, and the big extension ladder out at once. Then he ordered them to fetch their tiny pump.

The little folks soon arrived at the house where they found the cat patiently waiting and, putting up their big ladder, the Teenie Weenies soon boosted the pump to the top of the milk bottle.

The short hose which was fastened to the pump would not reach to the saucer which some of the Teenie Weenies had found and then dragged up to

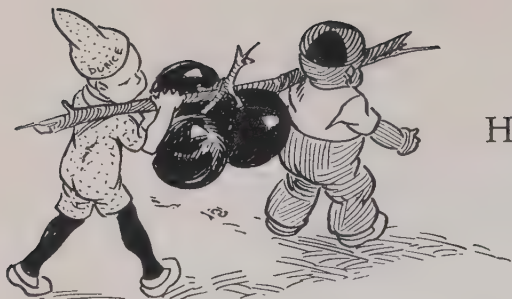
the bottle, so the work was delayed somewhat while a pipe line was made out of two long straws.

The Teenie Weenies pumped until their little backs were nearly broken. The bottle of milk was half empty before the cat said that he had had plenty.

When the Teenie Weenies had taken down their pump and were about to set off for the boat, the cat thanked them for their kindness.

"Nice cat, wasn't he?" remarked the Doctor, as the little people walked toward the river.

"Yes, but one of those clinging-vine sort of cats who will sit around and starve to death if someone doesn't come around and feed it," answered the General. "If he had any stuff in him, he'd go out and find something to eat, instead of sitting down by that bottle and weeping."



HOME AGAIN

ONE evening some time later the Lady of Fashion was walking up and down the deck of the Teenie Weenie houseboat with the General. "General, I'm terribly homesick," she said. "I want to see the twins and Mr. and Mrs. Lover and Grandpa, and—and I think our shoehouse is the dearest place in all the world."

"I was just talking to the Doctor this afternoon about going home," answered the General. "I think we are all a little homesick, and besides school starts very soon, so I have given orders to sail home tomorrow."

Everybody was greatly pleased to hear the news, for the Teenie Weenies had been sailing in the tiny boat for many days and they were all glad to return to their snug little home beneath the rosebush.

Almost before the sun was up the next morning, the Scotchman had steam up in the boiler, and, when plenty of wood had been carried aboard for the tiny engine, the boat pushed her nose out into the stream for the trip home.

The little craft had gone only a short distance when the engine came to a dead stop.

"I never did have any use for this salve-box boiler," shouted the Scotchman. "It's just as I expected!"

After some work the Teenie Weenies tied the boat up to the bank, where it was found it would take at least two weeks to get the engine fixed.

"This is a nice pickle!" exclaimed the General. "I wonder, how far are we from home?"

"He not much far away," muttered the Indian, who had tramped about a great deal and was familiar with the country. "Railroad little ways over from here that goes pretty close home, only two days' walk, and it make heap fine walkin' on rail."

The Indian's plan was thought a good one, so the General ordered the Teenie Weenies to pack their belongings and make ready for the trip. The Turk,

the Scotchman, and the Sailor were to stay on the boat to repair it and bring it home later.

With plenty of food for the trip and blankets to keep them warm at night, the Teenie Weenies set out for the railroad track, where they soon arrived after a short walk through the tall weeds. One by one the little people were boosted up to the top of the rail and their baggage pulled up after them.

The smooth rail made a fine road to walk on, and the Teenie Weenies hurried on, for everyone was anxious to get home.

"Jimminy, but I wish the boat hadn't busted," remarked the tired Dunce as he limped along under the weight of two heavy suitcases. "I hate this walkin' and all this climbin' off to let trains go by."

"Cheer up, Dunce," laughed the Clown. "We'll soon go into camp for the night, and by tomorrow evening we'll be at home."

The Indian, who had gone ahead to select a camp, presently came into sight around a curve in the track and shouted to the little people that he had found a wonderful place.

"Heap fine popcorn box to sleep in. Plenty water

near. Him good camp," he announced.

The Teenie Weenies followed their little guide down the track quite a distance, then leaving the rail they made their way through the long grass to a wire fence that stood near by. An empty popcorn box lay in a snug little hollow near a fence post.

The box was quite clean, except for a few ants that ran about, but these the Teenie Weenies soon chased away and in a short time the busy little people had things snug and comfortable.

The Old Soldier brought up several logs and chopped them up for the Cook's fire. The Dunce and Gogo found a vineyard near by and the two little fellows, after a lot of hard work, cut off three heavy grapes and brought them into camp to the great delight of the Teenie Weenies who were fond of sliced grape. The little people ate a hearty dinner and afterward sat about the camp fire, told stories, sang songs, and had a most glorious time.

Very early the next morning the little people once more climbed onto the railroad track and commenced the last half of the trip to Shohurst. Late in the afternoon the Teenie Weenies left the railroad and, after a tiresome tramp through the long

grass, they arrived at last in sight of the beloved shoehouse.

Grandpa, who had been left at home to look after the house, was nearly beside himself with joy when he saw the little people. Mr. and Mrs. Lover came running over from the bungalow with the twins, and for some minutes there was a great deal of hugging, kissing, and laughing.

“Say!” shouted the Cook, popping his head out of the kitchen door, “things are in a fine pickle here! The kitchen sink is stacked two feet high with dirty dishes.”

Grandpa looked very guilty. “I was so lonesome I just couldn’t do ’em,” he explained. And even the Cook forgave him.



ARMY MANEUVERS

WELL, General," said the Old Soldier, as he stepped into the Teenie Weenie library one morning, "I think it would be a good idea if we called out the army for maneuvers. The weather is fine, and, having been away all summer on the river, the men haven't had a day's drill for several months. We ought to keep the army in good shape, for you can never tell when it may be needed."

"That's a fine idea," answered the General. "Just as soon as you can enlist two more men so as to bring the army up to full war strength, I'll give the order for maneuvers."

The Dunce and Gogo were duly enlisted and carefully drilled by the Old Soldier, who wished the army to make the best appearance when it marched away. Seven mice were hired to pull the



It was a long, hard climb over the mountain

heavy wagons and cannon and to mount the General and the scouts. Paddy Pinn was to command the artillery, and the Indian and the Cowboy were to serve as scouts.

With the Chinaman to help, the Cook made all arrangements for the food for the little army, and the Doctor was to look after the health of the soldiers with the assistance of the Lady of Fashion as nurse.

The Cook was kept very busy for several days getting the provisions ready, for it takes a great deal of food to supply an army. Eleven grains of corn, twenty-nine beans, one hundred and fifty-seven grains of rice, four raisins, two prunes, and a quantity of cheese for the mice-horses had to be piled into the tiny army wagon.

Early one bright sunny morning, amid the waving of tiny handkerchiefs, the little army marched gaily away to camp.

None of the soldiers knew just where the army was headed, as the General had kept their destination a secret, but as the great blue outline of the Ash Hill range of mountains grew clearer it was plain to everyone that the General meant to give

them a long, hard march.

The Dunce gave one dismal look at the mountain—at the huge cinders, bottles, and tin cans that lined its steep side. “But, General,” he wailed, touching his cap in salute, “why can’t we march around the mountain instead of going over it? It will be so much easier.”

“It’s the practice we need,” answered the General. “That’s why I ask you to make this hard climb.”

“Pretty soft for you, when you can ride a mouse,” muttered the Dunce.

“Silence!” roared the General. “Arrest that man for talking back to an officer.”

The Dunce was placed under arrest at once, handcuffed, and marched away between four soldiers with fixed bayonets.

It was a long, hard climb over the mountain, and it was quite a job to get the heavy cannon up the steep sides, but by two o’clock in the afternoon all the wagons, artillery, and men had passed over to the other side without an accident.

Orders were given to fall out for lunch, and the little soldiers lost no time in opening their tiny knap-

sacks and devouring the two grains of rice issued to each man that morning. The soldiers filled their canteens from a pan of water near by, and the army once more fell into line and marched on, following the steep, rough roads of the Ash Hill range.

"Cowboy," said the General, as the army broke ranks for a short rest, "I wish you would ride ahead and look for a good place to camp."

"Yes, sir," answered the Cowboy, with a correct military salute, "I'll go at once, sir," and, jumping into the saddle, he touched the spurs to his mouse and galloped madly away.

"Fall in! Forward, march!" commanded the General, and once more the little army took up the weary march. The rumble of heavy artillery and the tramp of marching feet attracted the attention of many bugs who gathered along the road to watch the army as it passed by.

"I wonder what the General will do to me?" asked the Dunce, as he marched along under arrest between four soldiers.

"It's hard to tell," replied the Scotchman, who was one of the guards. "It's a mighty grave offense to talk back to an officer."



The Dunce was ordered to walk up and down before the General's tent

Soon the Cowboy came galloping up to the General and reported on the camping grounds that he had found for the army.

"It's a fine place," said the Cowboy, riding along by the side of the commander. "There is plenty of wood handy and within a short distance is a large pan of water. It is a nice level place beside a log, and a hatchet is leaning against the log with its handle sticking up into the air. I thought the hatchet handle would make a fine signal station, for from the top one would be able to see for miles."

Presently the army marched into the camping grounds, and, stacking their guns, the little soldiers busied themselves getting the camp into shape for supper. The Cook's tent, pans, kettles, and boxes of food were unpacked first.

The Dunce, as a punishment, was ordered to walk up and down before the General's tent for an hour, carrying on his back a heavy log.

The Cowboy climbed to the top of the hatchet and hung a rope ladder to the top of the handle so the signal men could get to the top quickly when they wished to wigwag a message.

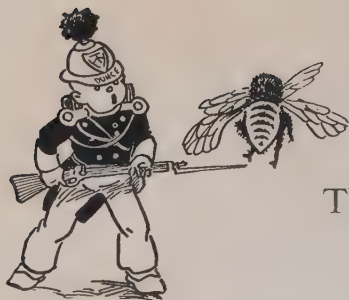
The Lady of Fashion made up the tiny cots in

the hospital tent with clean white sheets and had everything so pretty and cozy that Gogo and the Clown at once said they were sick.

The Cook, with the help of the Chinaman, made a big kettle of noodle soup for the hungry soldiers, and with a stewed raisin for dessert and plenty of hot chocolate with whipped cream the army sat down to quite a feast.

After supper the men gathered about the camp fire and listened to the Old Soldier as he told of a thrilling hand-to-hand fight he had once fought with a desperate spider.

Having had such a long march, the tired soldiers soon turned into their tents for the night, and the tramp, tramp of the sentinel was the only sound that disturbed the quiet of the sleeping camp.



THE GRAND REVIEW

NEXT day, during a long practice march, the little army marched away down a garden walk, with the General riding bravely at the head and the artillery bringing up the rear. As the soldiers marched slowly along, enjoying the sweet smell of the garden flowers, they were suddenly aware of a great buzzing over their heads. Looking up, they saw to their horror a huge bumblebee flying straight at them. The General's mouse reared up in fright, and the General was thrown heavily to the ground.

The soldiers, seeing their commander fall, were filled with fright and ran in all directions. The Dunce was the only soldier that stood his ground, and when the bee flew at him he bravely fought it off with his bayonet. When the bee fell to the



"I hereby make the Dunce a corporal in the Teenie Weenie army"

ground with many wounds in its body, the Duncce ended its life with a bullet through the head.

The scared soldiers soon came back when they saw their enemy was dead, and the poor bee was buried with military honors.

Sunday was visitors' day in the camp, and all the home-staying Teenie Weenies from Grandpa down to the twins were expected. The camp was cleaned up in fine order, and the little soldiers brushed their uniforms and polished their buttons until they shone like gold.

As a special favor to the women and children the General ordered the entire army out to march in review before the visitors. After the grand parade the army was drawn up in line beneath a bush, and, dismounting, the General stepped out before the line and said, "Men, I have something of great importance to say. Duncce, will you please step forward?"

"Why—I-I-I haven't done anything," stutered the astonished Duncce.

"Step forward, please," repeated the General, and when the trembling Duncce stood before him, he continued: "Men, it is with the greatest pleasure

that I stand before you today and praise the great bravery of our fellow-in-arms, the Dunce. Single-handed, this brave man killed the enemy bumblebee that had put to rout our soldiers. As befitting his noble conduct I hereby make him a corporal in the Teenie Weenie army, and the greatest reward within my power I now bestow upon him—the Order of the Tiny Star.”

The General pinned the tiny medal to the Dunce’s breast, and, turning to the army, he called for three rousing cheers which were given with a will.

The next afternoon, orders were given to the army to march home. With drums playing and flags flying the little army marched gaily up to the shoe-house where little girls, singing the Teenie Weenie national hymn, scattered rose petals before the returning heroes.

When the army was dismissed, the soldiers hurried to a home-coming party. Everyone had a lovely time and everyone agreed with the General that “the best part of going away is coming home.”



THREE TEENIE WEENIES RUN AWAY

ONE morning shortly after the Teenie Weenies returned from camp the Dunce, the Clown, and Gogo failed to appear for breakfast.

"Bring the fruit, Cook," said the General. "We won't wait any longer for the lazy fellows."

"General! General!" shouted the Policeman, hurrying down the stairs. "They're gone! Their beds haven't been slept in, and I found this paper pinned to the Dunce's pillow!"

"Great guns!" exclaimed the General, when he read the note. "They've run away to play with a little boy who wrote them a letter saying they could have lots of fun and all the candy they wanted if they would come to live at his house."

The Teenie Weenies were greatly shocked, and the Lady of Fashion burst into tears. The General



The General stepped out on the porch and read the note

ordered the school bell rung, then stepped out on the porch of the schoolhouse and read the note to the assembled crowd.

Soon a party was made up to search for the run-aways, and in a short time the little band made their way through the tall grass, carefully looking for the trail of the missing boys.

Gogo, the Dunce, and the Clown had left the shoehouse before daylight and were now well on their way. At noon they stopped for a rest.

"We ought to get to the little boy's house by tomorrow night," said the Dunce.

The three trudged on and late in the afternoon they ate the last of the food that they had brought with them from the shoehouse. Making a bed of soft thistledown and dry leaves in an old sardine can, the tired little fellows lay down to sleep.

"Hey, you fellows, get up!" shouted the Dunce next morning, sitting up and rubbing his sleepy eyes. "We've got to be on our way."

"Where are we goin' t' get our breakfast?" asked Gogo, as he looked mournfully around.

The Clown pointed to a house close by. "We might find a few crumbs there," he said.

The little fellows hurried to the house and climbed up the steps. Crawling under the door they found themselves in a small kitchen. On the table they spied the top of a loaf of bread, and, after a hard climb, they made their way up to it.

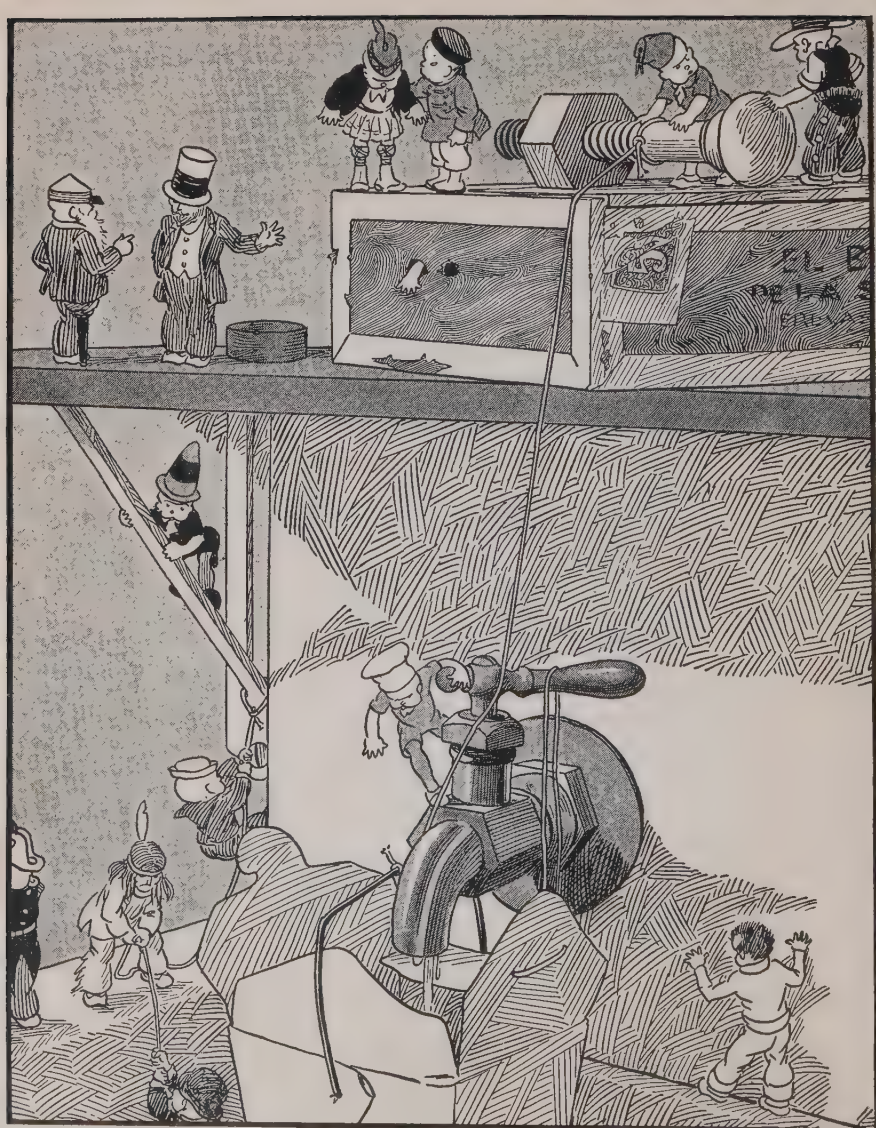
Suddenly the Teenie Weenies heard someone coming, and they had just time to hide beneath a pepper box before an old man entered. He walked across the kitchen floor, and his footsteps shook the table with such violence that it caused a cloud of pepper to fall from the box, and Gogo let out a loud sneeze.

“Run for your lives!” shouted the Dunce, but the old man saw them, reached out his great hand, and caught them.

“What kind of people are you?” he growled. “Never saw such little folks.”

He put the three little chaps into a cigar box and set it on a shelf over the sink. He made some tiny holes in the box to give the Teenie Weenies air, and he gave them a few bits of cheese and a dish of water. Then he closed the box and weighted the top down with a heavy iron bolt.

In a few minutes the Teenie Weenies heard



The Teenie Weenies soon pulled the bucket under the faucet

the old man shut the door and walk away. The Dunce quickly stuffed a bit of cheese into one of the air holes at the end of the box. After some hours of waiting a fat mouse came along. When he heard the Teenie Weenies' story, he rushed off to the General for help.

In a short time the rescue party arrived. The Old Soldier noticed a paper oyster bucket in the sink and saw the faucet was leaking. The Teenie Weenies soon pulled the bucket under the faucet and fastened a string from the handle of the bucket to the iron bolt on top of the cigar box. When the water in the bucket grew heavier than the bolt it fell into the sink, carrying the bolt with it. The rescue party quickly lifted the lid of the cigar box, and the runaways were free.

"Jimminy fishhooks!" exclaimed the Dunce. "You can just bet your last grape seed I won't leave home again!"

RAND MCNALLY JUNIOR EDITIONS
OF THE FAMOUS TEENIE WEENIE BOOKS

Young children love the delightful little Teenie Weenies, who are a kindly, clever, jolly folk, always ready and anxious to do a kind deed. In their snug little home beneath a friendly rosebush the Teenie Weenies live a happy life, filled with pleasant everyday happenings and also with an occasional adventure. The Dunce, forever getting into trouble; Mr. and Mrs. Lover and the Twins; the General, always fearless and brave; the Lady of Fashion, the Cowboy, and the Chinaman—these and all the other Teenie Weenies are such fascinating characters that every young child will want to read more and more stories about them. The Rand McNally Series of Teenie Weenie books, written and illustrated by William Donahey, now includes the following titles:

ADVENTURES OF THE TEENIE WEENIES: *Junior Edition*

DOWN THE RIVER WITH THE TEENIE WEENIES: *Junior Edition*

THE TEENIE WEENIES UNDER THE ROSEBUSH: *Junior Edition*

THE TEENIE WEENIES IN THE WILDWOOD: *Junior Edition*



P9-DBH-339

